

At last he came to a path that led
 To a house he had never seen before ;
 And he begged of a woman there some bread ;
 But she heard her husband, the Giant, roar,
 And she gave him a shove in the old brick oven,
 And shut the door.

And the Giant sniffed, and beat his breast,
 And grumbled low, "*Fè, fè, fò, fum !*"
 His poor wife prayed he would sit and rest, —
 "I smell fresh meat ! I will have some !"
 He cried the louder, "*Fè, fè, fò, fum !*"
 I will have some."

He ate as much as would feed ten men,
 And drank a barrel of beer to the dregs ;
 Then he called for his little favorite hen,
 As under the table he stretched his legs, —
 And he roared "Ho ! ho !" — like a buffalo —
 "Lay your gold eggs !"



She laid a beautiful egg of gold ;
 And at last the Giant began to snore ;
 Jack waited a minute, then, growing bold,
 He crept from the oven along the floor,
 And caught the hen in his arms, and then
 Fled through the door.

But the Giant heard him leave the house,
 And followed him out, and bellowed "Oh-oh !"
 But Jack was as nimble as a mouse,
 And sang as he rapidly slipped below :
 "*Hitchity-hatchet, my little red jacket,*
And down I go !"



And the Giant howled, and gnashed his teeth.
 Jack got down first, and, in a flash,
 Cut the ladder from underneath ;
 And Giant and Bean-stalk, in one dash, —
 No shilly-shally, no dilly-dally, —
 Fell with a crash.

This brought Jack fame, and riches, too ;
 For the little gold-egg hen would lay
 An egg whenever he told her to,
 If he asked one fifty times a day.
 And he and his mother lived with each other
 In peace away.

